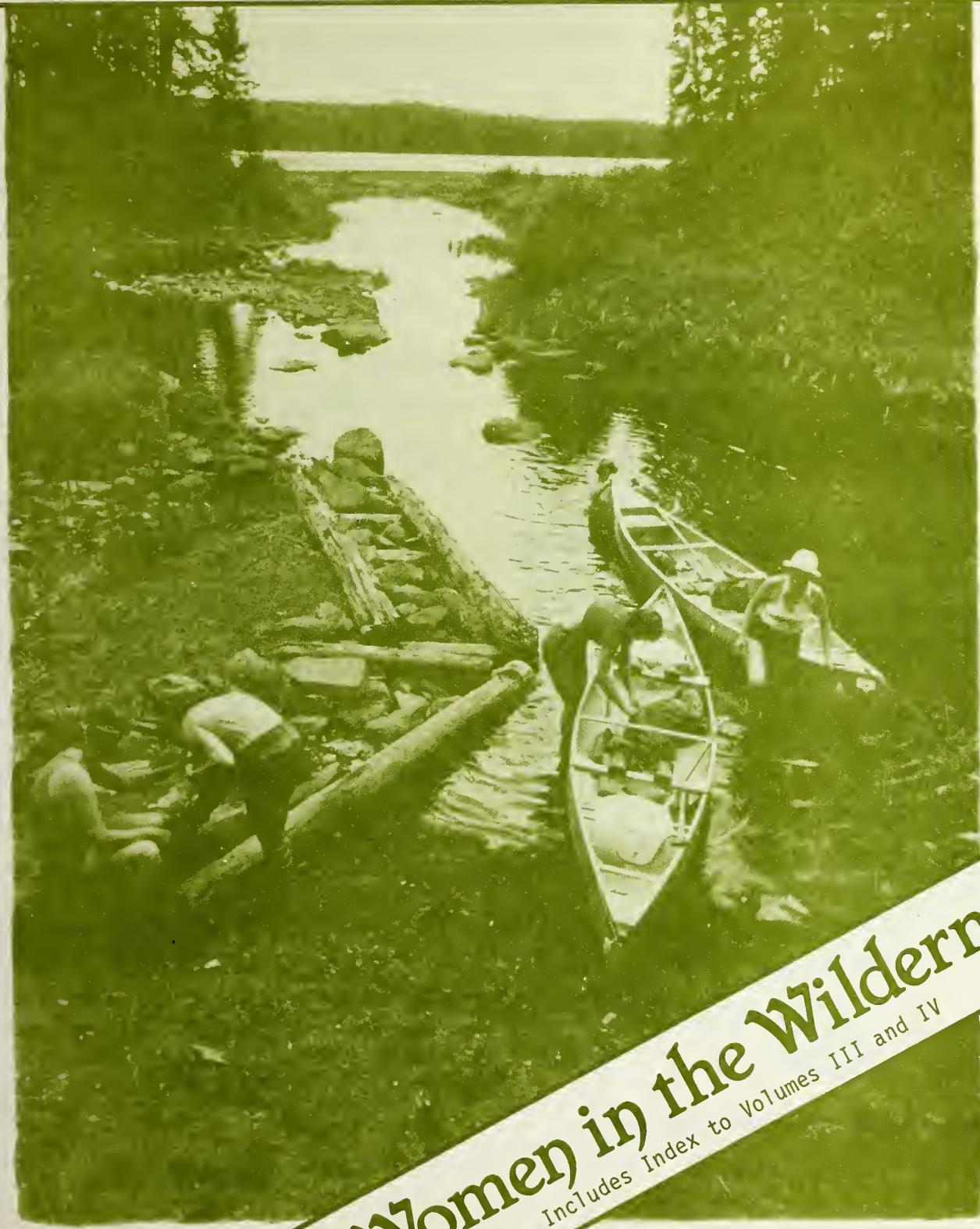




# The Creative Woman

Quarterly



Spring 1981

**Women in the Wilderness**

Includes Index to Volumes III and IV



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## INTRODUCTION

American women are on the move. The Creative Woman continues to report, chart, and celebrate this movement toward new work, new roles, new lives.

This issue follows women out of the kitchens and office buildings and into the wilderness.

In our lead article we look at the wilderness through the eyes of Susan Eckert and JoAnn Cannon.

Ms. Eckert works at University of Illinois Medical Center in the areas of wellness promotion and preventive health education. Love of nature and the outdoors have always been a part of her life experience, and she has travelled, camped, and photographed her way through Europe, Africa and the U.S. Susan has won top prizes in several Chicago-area Photography Shows, and her *Wilderness '81* Calendar incorporates some of her lovely wilderness photographs.

Ms. Cannon has worked internationally as a health consultant, lecturer and teacher. She began a professional career in the arts and humanities through early publication of her poetry and one-woman oral interpretation presentations of prose and poetry.

An avid traveler, JoAnn has canoed, skied, and backpacked throughout the United States and views trips into the wilderness as a basis for the expression of her artistic talents.

The collaboration between Eckert and Cannon led to the establishment of their own business of conducting wilderness adventures. INWARD BOUND, primarily designed for women over 30, encompasses a "wholistic" approach to life. You can read more about their exciting program in the "Announcements" section of this issue.

Also in this issue, Catherine Blair gives advice on how to enjoy the wilderness right outside your back door, while Suzanne Prescott describes a 'wilderness' environment that has sustained her over many years of her life.

Pat Watson tells the wonderful story of her first river rafting experience and the challenges and joys encountered.

In our book review section, Joan Lewis reviews Women And Nature by Susan

Griffin and Lynn Strauss contributes a review essay on important books by Anne LaBastille and China Galland.

This issue also includes a resource list of organizations, outfitters, and groups available to educate, lead and otherwise support women's move into the wilderness.

In "From The Editor's Lookout Point", our editor details the significance of wilderness experiences in her life.

And lastly this issue contains the index to Volumes III and IV of The Creative Woman.

L.T.S.



Photo by Susan Eckert

THROUGH THE EYES OF  
WOMEN IN THE WILDERNESS  
BY Susan Eckert and JoAnn Cannon

"Come into the Wilderness and take no one with you but your true self..."

An astronomer friend of mine, who had paddled and portaged in the Boundary Waters canoe area in Minnesota for 17 consecutive years, never stopped talking about how marvelous the experience was. After hearing his stories and seeing his photographs, I knew I had to go there, too.

So, during a rare free week in July, my friend JoAnn and I lashed her 17 foot canoe to my 10 foot Honda Civic, and left for a wilderness adventure that would later change the direction of our lives.



**WILDERNESS STOPLIGHT**

GO  
to the wilderness cumbered,  
YIELD  
to the loneliness you find,  
STOP  
and you'll see all around you,  
the cycles and rhythms of time.

Our outfitter, a free-spirited retired woman who had owned and run her business for what seemed like decades, took us to where her canoes were stored. With a twinkle in her eyes, she lifted a 75 pound aluminum canoe over her head as she delightedly watched our gaping mouths. "That's how you do it," she grinned. Since we didn't have a set of shoulder pads on JoAnn's fiberglass canoe, both of us would have to carry it so the weight would be evenly distributed. "Too bad you both have to carry the canoe," she quipped. "You'll just have to make one more trip with your packs on each portage!!" She wouldn't let us forget that she was still very capable of carrying her own canoe.

Clear blue skies and crystal lakes; the Perseid Metero Showers and the Northern Lights at night. We asked ourselves why we hadn't come to this wilderness before.

For two days we paddled and portaged from lake to lake, and found ourselves growing more silent with each small lake we left behind. Idle talk no longer seemed necessary or appropriate - the beauty and peace of this wilderness left us without words.

The Call of the Wild  
Does not always scare,  
Sometimes it whispers  
With exquisite care:  
"Rapunzel, Rapunzel, let  
down your long hair."

Soon we began to notice that we had not seen any other women paddling and portaging by themselves. Mostly, we met men who had come out together, in twos and fours, to fish and camp. Or there were couples—the woman sat in the bow of the canoe while the men guided the canoe from the stern. The men, of course, always carried the canoes on the portages, while the women, of course, carried the paddles and the light packs.

There was much curiosity aroused when either groups of men or couples passed us on a portage. Once we got the canoe over our heads, all that could be seen was a green upside-down canoe with four legs, the legs being unmistakably female. And even during this unusual mode of encounter and travel, we would invariably be asked the same two questions: "Are you two out here alone?" and "Aren't you afraid?", to which our replies of "Yes" and "No" respectively, resoundingly echoed from inside the upside-down canoe. There were a few times, however, when having passed about 16 unmistakably male legs, we found ourselves responding, "Our men are fishing on the next lake!"

That was five years ago, and in a span of only 5 years, it is now very common to see women and groups of women in the Boundary Waters, taking a more active role in being outdoors.

The experience that summer was a very special one for many reasons, the most important being that during that wonderful week, the dream of Inward Bound Adventures was born. Throughout the week we talked about how exciting it would be to share such a beautiful environment and experience with women who had always wanted to do something like this, but for various reasons, had not had the opportunity, or had not taken advantage of such an opportunity to be in the outdoors. Both of us had always loved the outdoors and had many diverse experiences and skills gained from living and working outside. I considered my years in the Peace Corps in West Africa --living with my husband in a mud house in a bush village -- a two and a half year survival adventure.

We talked about how important the outdoors and previous wilderness experiences had been in shaping our own lives, our own wellness, our own wholeness and image of ourselves as women. Our discussions led us to decide that we would put together a trip the next summer for some of our friends who had never before experienced such an adventure. The trip would be especially designed for women over 30 who were beginners--had never paddled a canoe and had never camped--so they would feel comfortable learning these new outdoor skills in an encouraging and supportive environment.



#### LONE CANOE

When

the lone canoe is stilled  
and the breathing of the wind  
stirs across a lake,  
and longing for the journey  
draws the mind from  
all its dreams,  
and shadows lose their power  
to the coming of the Light,

Then

will Dawn herself arise,  
and slowly  
wake the Night.

Bringing this dream back to Chicago, we began to feel that next summer was too long to wait, so we instead planned a cross-country ski weekend in Wisconsin for the winter. Learning to cross-country ski is one way to begin to enjoy snow and winter weather. What better way to be outdoors and experience a daytime quiet forest than on skis, getting in touch with the silence, the beauty, the sounds of the woods?

We also decided that our emphasis on any outdoor or indoor adventure would be on wellness and health awareness: exercising, eating good food, learning to relax, and discovering new or renewed confidences and abilities that learning a new outdoor skill could create. Both of us worked at a large university medical center in Chicago and felt that health professionals very rarely practiced what they preached about maintaining and promoting health. A wilderness experience seemed the ideal arena for promoting wellness, especially for women who could then take their newly learned skills and confidences back home and incorporate them into their daily living and working situations.

---

#### GOURMET SURVIVAL

Bread and cheese fill a  
Knapsack with simplicity.

If to carry on the back  
Were a requirement of  
possession,  
There would be many second  
Thoughts of ownership.  
Ten pounds of wants,  
To be gladly traded for  
Ten ounces of needs.

A simple meal and a  
grateful heart  
Provide gourmet survival.

---

To our delight, the ski weekend was a wonderful experience--women encouraging and supporting each other to take risks and choose their own goals, establish their own rhythms, their own styles. We ate simple, good food, relaxed aching and tired muscles in a nearby sauna and whirlpool, and decided that this was only the first of many such adventures for the future. The excitement, fun, and work was just beginning.

---

#### IN THE ARMS OF TREES

How frighteningly beautiful  
To spend a night  
Only in the arms of trees.  
  
To be alone and witness  
The washing of the forest  
In the rythmical rhymes of rain.  
To hear the rush of a stream  
That methodically slows the mind.  
  
To stay alone here -  
Perhaps not for long,  
As one meal extended is  
Too much -  
But too long without  
Brings hunger.

---

"Why women in the wilderness?" we are often asked by men who find our trip descriptions inviting, or by women who have never been on an all women's trip. Because women haven't always had the same opportunities for enjoying and being in the wilderness as men have, especially women in the age group over 30. How many women do you know who, once a year, get together for a fishing trip with their buddies into Canada?

Of course this is not the only reason, or even the most important one. Only each woman can say what the most important aspects are for her own self. But there are other reasons I'd like to discuss here--reasons I think contribute to all women's wilderness adventures being a very powerful experience.

In the wilderness, stereotypes and preconceptions fall by the wayside. Many women, who have always imagined themselves as physically "weak" become very surprised to find that they are capable of picking up and portaging a 17 foot canoe. We often see, for the first time, that our sex-role stereotyping is so ingrained that it has inhibited our enjoyment of being outdoors and our connections with the natural world. One woman told us that for the first time she felt very stable, very grounded in the outdoors because she was wearing a pair of heavy boots, after all those years of wearing high heels!

Women perceive the wilderness differently than men. There is no right or wrong way--and neither way is more valid than

the other--they are just different. Historically, the wilderness has been viewed through men's narratives, through men's eyes. But we're beginning to see that through women's eyes, through our own different rhythms and styles, we perceive the wilderness to include elements of nurturance, caring, community, sustenance, and wholeness--ways of perceiving that are distinctly different from men's. It is exciting for me to think that in the bringing together of both men's and women's perceptions, the wilderness will be truly more "whole".

---

#### ANDROGYNOUS CHILD

A Pink and Blue sky  
nodding quietly at dusk.  
  
Is this the Girl and Boy child  
of Mother Earth  
Who is wrapped in a  
blanket of dark  
polka-dotted light,  
  
And suckled  
by the Milky-Way  
throughout the night?

---

Being with other women in the wilderness also allows women to exercise leadership roles, to gain self-confidence by arriving at their own decisions, to take new risks, explore new opportunities, and allow feelings of fear to come up and find support for those feelings from other women. As women, most of us have really limited ourselves in our everyday lives, and rarely have we pushed beyond our unexplored boundaries to try new adventures--especially outdoor adventures.

For me, going into the wilderness is a way of balancing my life in the city. I desperately need that balance if I am to live, work, and be creative at other times in a large, metropolitan area like Chicago. When I go into the wilderness I rediscover parts of myself that get lost in the city, and I come back to the city more in touch with who I am. I have to go away to be able to come home. I know I have to be in the outdoors more often when my ears ring from the silence--in the city, they never ring from the noise.

### LAYERED REALITY

I have  
Touched the silence of wind in  
Twisted branches  
Entangling moon and stars.  
  
Touched the silence of an  
awakened dawn  
To find the  
Meeting place of dreams.  
  
There, at the heart of silence  
Lies an opening to  
The layers of reality  
  
Layered reality -  
Surrounded by the  
Brittle air of silence,  
To be cracked only at the  
Thought of a whisper.

In the wilderness my dreams change. I dream of people from my past and friends I haven't seen in a long time—the parts of me I must put away to survive in the urban environment. They are often childhood friends—we used to play together. I find it easier to "play" in the wilderness than I do in the city. My "old friends" return to me in the outdoors, and my mind feels clear and alert.

And I dream about animals, lots of wild animals, because I'm feeling wild and powerful in an environment where my basic everyday needs deal only with food, shelter, travel, companionship. My dreams tell the truth about how I am feeling.

In the wilderness I also find that I spend less time "looking" and more time "seeing." When I "look" through my view-finder and take a photograph, it's usually not the kind of photograph that I would show in an exhibit. That's because just "looking" is how most of us take pictures. There's really no involvement in "looking"—we don't get close, and we don't spend time. As a result, there is rarely an impact from such a photograph, rarely a strong feeling that the image evokes in us.

But "seeing" is different. When I really see what I am photographing, I notice the details, the colors, I get close, I focus sharply. I spend time with the image, sometimes hours and maybe days,

"seeing" its own light, and how other light affects it. I sit, I watch, I go slow, and let my feelings take over in the final composition. When I see the finished product I always know which photographs were taken when I was only "looking", and which were taken when I was really "seeing." I am continually amazed at the difference, and I am continually in awe at the lessons we can learn from the outdoors.

### A POINT OF CAUSE

There is a point in  
history that is  
uniquely me  
  
The tiny dot  
of Cause and Consequence.  
  
To stand so small  
Under the vastness  
of all that's gone before,  
and all that's  
Yet to be.

Of all that we can learn from the wilderness, probably the most important is for each and every one of us to bring home its lessons and keep them alive in our everyday lives. To go away and experience new adventures is very important, but to bring new confidences, the feelings of adventure and wildness, an ability to "look" less and "see" more, and a sense of awe and wonder, back home, is probably the most important part of going on any wilderness adventure.

Woman has surfaced  
From her depths  
To look around at  
Her world,  
Her relationships, and  
The part she plays  
In the creation of it all.  
  
Views once shaded  
Hold new meanings  
of unfolding images  
  
Now . . . exposed -  
THROUGH THE EYES OF WOMEN  
IN THE WILDERNESS





Photo by Susan Eckert

## FINDING THE WILD CLOSE TO HOME

BY Catherine Blair

I'm the one you see going to work on a bicycle. Mine's the car that is usually decked out with canoe on top and bike hanging from the rack in the back, and often the equipment for tent camping inside.

I would recommend looking for your wildernesses and quiet spots as close at hand as possible. One reason is that you may need a much quicker and more frequent get-away to nature than once or twice a year. The other is the economics of the thing. Mind you, I'm not adverse to a big plunge in the wild--a backpacking trip to Beaver Island in Michigan in the middle of summer or to Southern Illinois to Ferne Cliff--but I need a retreat almost daily or at least weekly, so I look first to Sauk Woods. Yes, that's right, outside my own door. After a first snowfall, on a moonlit evening on cross-country skis. Nobody is there except me, or once in a while an owl. On an early morning the chickadees abound. You can really hear them. The woods is absolutely its most fun and beautiful when every branch and pocket of tree is frosted with fresh snow. You get the view of the breadth of the woods in winter seeing through yards and yards of bare trees. Nobody is there to enjoy it but me and my companions!

Now I bike around early or late or in between. Not when it's dusk--you can't see the glass on the path. Take a broom with you to clear it away. Ride fast past the parking lots where people are washing their cars and where loud stereos may blare, the penalty you pay for the immediacy of this woods.

Where does the canoe come in? At any nearby creek or river. Yes, I've even found rapids in Thorn Creek, putting in by the 26th Street Bridge at a time when the water was high from spring melt and day-long rains. Butterfield Creek too, and Hickory Creek off Route 45 where the birds in migration hang around

to enjoy the lush banks of budding trees. I rarely run into anybody on the creeks. A kid who has just caught a fish on the bridge asks to borrow some aluminum foil so he can cook his catch. Another is actually gathering trash by the roadside. Someone else stops as we load up the canoe after a run on this Sunday in March. "You can canoe that stream?" He is told the various places to put in on Hickory Creek, Wolf Road, School House Road, New Lennox by the lumber company. This man lives by the creek, has a canoe, but never tried it. Of course, it has to be done after rains, early in spring for water sufficiency. For a fall day adventure, we go a little farther away, but generally just those rivers shown on the Chicago Tribune map of northeast Illinois. These rivers are the closest to specks of wilderness you still see around here. Quiet, no motors, no radios, just you and the ducks, herons, cardinals, cuckoos, jays, nuthatches. My favorites are AuSable, Little Calumet, Mazon, Du Page and Big Pine Creek in Indiana. Middle Fork of the Vermillion winds up at Kickapoo State Park. These last two are weekend adventures as they are two hours away, but inexpressibly beautiful with spring flowers, or in the late fall with reflections of autumn leaves on the face of the river. For real adventure there is Vermillion River by Lowell Bridge, close to Starved Rock. Go there with a very knowledgeable person, as this is the only Illinois river with rapids and hazards.

So come with me to experience the wonderful renewal of being outdoors, on foot, on a bike, in a canoe or sitting around a campfire in a state park or national lakeshore. It is guaranteed to cure your worries about Reagan policies, gas prices, and the lack of good movies at the Park Forest Theatre, at least for a time. And remember, don't throw your empties about in the river or on the path. Be so good as to take the remains of your sack lunch and drink back home with you.

AGAINST NATURE:  
WILDERNESS POEMS

by Judith McCombs

The Friend

You are going into the wilderness, O.K., O.K.  
Do you mind if I check, have you matches enough,  
the heavens might drip? What about mirrors,  
do you know how to signal, & suppose the compass  
goes out of whack? Have you buttoned your pockets?  
You're not a natural-born cave man, you know.  
Will you carry I.D.? My book says your maps  
can't be relied on. Supposing it snows,  
you've heard of crevasses? If you intend to write  
(or even to think), where will you sit?  
If something comes hunting for you, will you kill it?  
You can always eat tree bark, you can always call home  
& I'll pay. But what shall I do with your turtle,  
in case it escapes? What about mail?  
Are you sure you're carrying your own address,  
& your three kinds of notebooks to write on-  
the used-up, the partly used, & also the new?  
I worry about you, uprooted, surrounded  
by green things with roots that don't talk  
& stone things with no roots, not talking at all.  
Are you trying to survive (you know you won't like it,  
all by yourself), & how can I get you, out there?

---

"The AGAINST NATURE poems come from the Bruce Trail, the Boundary Waters, and the Rocky Mountains, in the states and Canada. The old Settler accounts of this terrain bear witness that our forebears distrusted 'the interminable wilderness' in which they were so desperately busy trapping, chopping, firing, and otherwise destroying. Even in 'isolation' and danger they clung all the more to the quaint human habits and projects they had imported, like china, numbers, fences, into the wilderness. I see modern backpackers, myself included, doing the same thing, with our guaranteed calories and water, our weatherproof zippers and shelters, and above all our fierce dependencies on map, compass, watch. It seems that the more we love the wilderness, and the further in we go, the more we have to act human, to keep apart from nature, lest it engulf us and stop our getting back, to our time and our kind. And yet we do pack in, temporarily, partially, bringing to nature our own (unnatural) wonderment and love."

Judith McCombs

(Reprinted from AGAINST NATURE:  
WILDERNESS POEMS, McCombs, Judith,  
Dustbooks, Paradise, CA , 1979.)

photo by Ernst Benjamin



## A TREE FARM 'WILDERNESS'

by Suzanne Prescott

As we think back over our lives, the web of experiences and relationships reveal unfolding patterns of achievements, friends, family relationships and collected personal treasures. It seems that we less often take time to consider the sequence of changing environments which have held meaning for us over the years. With time, the number of environments we've entered increases--where we grew up, where we've visited with our families, colleges we've attended, where we work, where we live with our families, our vacations, and even retirement. Some of these settings are nothing more than a backdrop where more dramatic, and exciting life events unfold, and yet some environments hold considerable meaning, apart from the relations they foster.

As with treasured possessions, some environments, like the wilderness, form important threads of continuity through our lives. The pattern of changing environmental seasons stretch out over the years paralleling the seasons of our own lives.

Many environments have been lost. Buildings have been razed; neighborhoods have vanished; grandparents' homesteads have disappeared; and childhood fields and streams have become housing developments. Some of us, however, have been fortunate to maintain a relationship with a natural, less spoiled, area. Repeated visits through time renew with each visit feelings of comfort, exhilaration, and peace.

I look up from a series of mushroom pictures that I've recently taken during a particularly damp summer. I let my eye run across the landscape in front of me. After the cornfields of Illinois, these gentle Allegheny mountains with their more intricate visual treats are exhilarating and comforting. A tiny

house wren chatters busily from an old stump. Against the background of Mount Tussey, across the valley, steam curls up slowly from a cup of coffee. A late morning veil of fog has nearly relinquished its hold of mountain tree tops. A blue-grey gnatcatcher flicks its tail from the top of a pine tree. A light wind stirs dancing stalks of Queen Annes' lace. A chipmunk from its perch on a granite lump eyes me cautiously. The acres stretch before me. Here in Western Pennsylvania there is no one but me on this small tree farm.



And then on another occasion...I check the temperature gauge--200°F! 'This is great,' the descendant of a Finn says. "Yeah," I respond with a certain lack of enthusiasm. The sauna is just right. I check a view of my face in the nearby bucket of water. 'Damn,' I think, 'I've forgotten to take out my earrings,' and predictably my skewered ears, like marshmallows, are becoming soft and squishy on the inside, and if the bucket's reflection is right, they seem to be charring nicely on the outside, too. I can hardly wait to get out and jump in the pool. After all, if priests can turn wine into the blood of Christ, I can certainly make an ice cube out of a marshmallow.

Over the past 25 years, this environment more than any other has provided me with meaningful experiences and more opportunities to share or be alone, comfortable and free. I've watched this

tree farm during many seasons over the years. I see the more subtle changes in its ecology through the seasons of my life. Many important personal relationships have developed here and I've shared in the communal spirit of fellowship, for in fact this is a recreational cooperative, shared by others. Though many experiences have been shared with friends here, many other experiences, particularly winter, fall, and early spring have been experienced alone. It's difficult to think of these experiences without feeling self-indulgent.



Here is a cabin that I helped to build over 25 years ago. Hundreds have eaten here over the years. To-night, there is no one. The woods gradually darken as the sun's smoky rays catch columns of dust in the air. An oven bird makes a last foray in the underbrush. Trees once short, now tower overhead. I idly speculate, with a modicum of guilt, how many board feet of lumber could be cut from a nearby yellow pine tree. I see my cat at the end of the large communal room patiently waiting for a mouse to appear. He's caught a number of mice; I have no sense that the ecology has been disrupted. We're both having a time of our lives. I think back on so many occasions, that could happen nowhere else.

I lie on my back in the pool. (There's a regular swimming pool on the side of this mountain--in this 'wilderness'.) The tops of immense white oaks float in and out of my vision.

A pair of red-tailed hawks circle high over the valley looking for stray meadow voles in the fields. A butterfly is committing suicide in the shallows. Clouds are traveling from one set of peaks to the next.

A tree has fallen on a cabin. No one else is here. I clear it away... From the deck of one cabin, I imagine I'm on a ship slipping over the fields with their shaking cover of grass...

Somehow I've gotten myself turned around in the woods. I'm not coming out where I planned. Here the plants are dense lush and damp. My cat, who is an accomplished walker, is complaining. He loses patience and sets off on his own. Though he's never been here before, he leads us expertly back to camp!...

It's October. I'm lying under the oak trees. Many brown and green messages float down to cover me... We are picking watercress from the springwater. The lane up the side of the mountain tunnels through the trees. A current of pine scent is so thick it makes me close my eyes.

This is no wilderness like the tundra. There are no unclimbed peaks here. I need not carry water or a pack. I will not get dusty and dirty without a chance to clean up. But the similarities are sufficient. Here there is no blacktop, no TV, no stores, and often very few or no people. This is my wilderness. I come here to recover. I come here to indulge my senses. I come here to be myself, and to be part of something I feel I understand. I am part of this landscape. This wilderness is me.

RIVER RAFTING ON THE  
DOLORES RIVER  
by Pat Watson

(Reprinted and adapted by permission  
from WOMANKIND, Vol. II, Issue XVI,  
1980)

If you haven't washed your hair in a bucket of icy river water, and I mean icy, you haven't lived.

After four days without showers, Sharon Merriman, an Indianapolis attorney and I were willing to wash our hair in anything.

We had been river rafting on the Dolores River, which is exclusively Colorado mountain snow melt water. The bucket of river water was so cold, it made our neck and head muscles contract to the pain level but it was worth it. It felt so good when we quit.

We were surprised to discover that both Sharon's wiry natural curls and my baby-fine **long** straight hair felt and looked better than any beauty shop chemicals had achieved--ever. The exhilaration of freshly washed hair, sparkling summer sunshine, icy water was truly a "Rocky Mountain high."

Our first day on the river was a short shakedown cruise to an early campsite. We went through a few rapids, but nothing that broke water over our bow. The scenery in the high Colorado mountains was lush with spruce, pale aspen in their spring green leaves and wild-flowers--delphinium, daisies, translucent orange poppies--all covered by incredibly blue sky.

As the only unescorted women on the trip, Sharon and I became "You-two girls." First day, some of our male fellow passengers offered to help us wrestle with our duffle bags and tent; we thanked them, but lugged our own. Some of the men looked a trifle glum. Later one of the men told me: "I thought sure I'd have to help you with your tent, your baggage, everything, and there you are, doing a faster, better job of setting up than I am."

Another accolade came from a dignified older man who said, "I have to thank 'You-two-girls' for giving me the best adventure I've ever had. I was going to walk around the rapids, and come back to the boat to get my daybag, but when I saw you ready to go, I had to go. I couldn't back out with 'You-two- girls' sitting there. Shooting Old Snaggletooth was the most exciting thing I've ever done."

Old Snaggletooth. Scoring about a five on the kayak scale of difficulty. Old Snaggletooth had loomed ahead like a frightening promise. Anyone who chose to walk around the rapids rather than ride them was encouraged to do so. Every piece of gear was checked to make sure it was secured with rope and tarp.

Old Snaggletooth was the wildest water I had ever seen since the tide came in at Tenby, Wales. I hitched my life jacket tighter and asked: "What should we do if we get tossed out of the boat?"

John, the group leader, gave me his full attention. "Don't let the boat go over you. If you fall out, get as far away from the boat as you can. Are you sure you want to go?"

"Certainly."

It was nice to see his eyes approve.

I'll always remember the light of anticipation on crewwoman Chris Raffin's face as she checked out Old Snaggletooth. One fleeting glance told it all: she loves the river, loves adventure; she comes fully alive facing danger. After seeing her expression, the Israeli Army couldn't have kept me out of that boat. Our turn! My mouth is suddenly dry. Al pushes the boat off the bank and we are gripped by the current, yet it's quiet. Al rows easily. I wonder if Old Snaggletooth is a shaggy dog joke. Suddenly, we dip. Water breaks over the three foot high pontoon prow of the boat. I hear the oarlocks creak with strain. "Hang on!" Hell yes, I'm hanging on. We whirl into another rock.

Sharon yells, "Wow!" More icy water hits my face and trickles inside my layers of warm clothing.

Rock. Bounce. Twirl. Strain. Rock. Spin. Rock. Creak. Rock. Bounce. Rock. Bounce. Rock. Spin---Peace. It's all over. We pull into the bank and pick up those poor souls who had elected to walk. We are different.

We camped early that night. The crew was down to their last calorie of energy, yet they remained cheerful as they set up for supper. Sharon and I spread our wet clothing on shrubbery and toasted our triumph over the river with a little Chablis. We watched the rising moon illuminate a rock formation that looked like a Greek temple on a hill.

Back at the next campsite, Sharon and I elected to take a river bath. We find a shallow eddy with a sturdy bush to grab if we lose our footing in the fast water. Clutching soap and branch, I step into the water. After my feet turn numb, it is quite refreshing. The biodegradable Neutrogena soap promptly slips out of my hands, so I finish sudsing with shampoo and discover that if I immerse just part of me at a time, I won't go into hypothermia. Drying in the sunshine while we walked back to our tent in freshly washed swimsuits and towel sarongs was a marvelous feeling.

"'You-two-girls' just amaze me," says a male voice. "Did you really take a bath in that river?"

"Yep. Felt great."

Where did you go? How did you manage?"

"Easy. Right over there. Hang on to your soap." And another convert goes into the river.

"We're gonna howl tonight," Al promised. After a dinner of chicken cordon bleu, tossed salad, and strawberry shortcake, John broke out his harmonica and Al tuned his battered guitar. Then we had a campfire songfest that drew this group of strangers into friends. A small jug of Tennessee sippin' whiskey made rever-

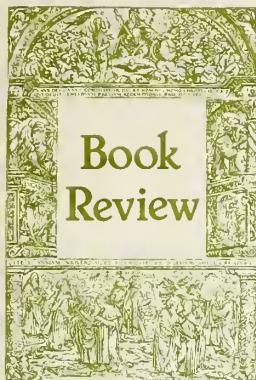
ent rounds about the circle. Al's pleasant voice led us from "When the Saints Go Marching In" to a composed-on-the-spot ballad about rafting on the Dolores. The stars were thick overhead until the moon crept over the ridge; we threw back our heads and howled and it was glorious.

I want to go back and ride the river again.

\* \* \* \* \*

Now that I know what primitive camping is, I can offer some suggestions:

1. Don't skimp on wool clothing; dress in layers so you can shed or don warmth, at will. Wear wool socks; even when wet, they will keep your feet warm.
2. Bring SCUBA wetsuit booties. They won't hold up to a life on the river, but they'd have been perfect for a week. My feet were cold and wet, with bleeding blisters where my tennis shoes rubbed. Pack moleskin and Band Aids.
3. Get the best tent you can afford. The cost increases with efficiency, but at high altitude or in a strong wind, an expensive tent is worth every dollar.
4. Pack a thin mylar emergency blanket; it literally saved Sharon's life.
5. Remember you are leaving warm water behind; pack a spray can of shampoo, a jar of cleansing cream, and a box of pre-moistened towelettes for comfortable camping.
6. Eventually, you will WANT to take a bath in the river; carry Ivory or soap on a rope for this occasion, or splurge on backpacker's biodegradable soap in a tube.
7. Be prepared to be sleepless, cold, wet, and to have a glorious experience.



REVIEW ESSAY  
by Lynn Thomas  
Strauss

WOODSWOMAN & WOMEN AND WILDERNESS

by Anne LaBastille

WOMEN IN THE WILDERNESS

by China Galland

Dr. Anne LaBastille, Ph.D. is a wildlife ecologist and a widely published writer-photographer on outdoor and conservation-related subjects. She has traveled world wide in her work as wildlife and conservation consultant.

China Galland is an adventurer and explorer. She is author of Women in the Wilderness and co-founder of the organization of Women in the Wilderness which supports women's efforts to become involved in wilderness experiences. The organization publishes a newsletter with resource information, runs a jobs clearinghouse for women who want to work outdoors and is developing an environmental forum.

\* \* \* \* \*

Part of the appeal of these books is that the authors themselves and the women they write about become strong, alive, believable role models for the reader.

Who among us women have not imagined ourselves at times to be a female Davy Crockett, Tom Sawyer, Commodore Perry? Well here we are introduced to real women who have lived lives in the outdoors as explorers, scientists, divers, mountain climbers, engineers. We are glad to discover that we needn't have stopped being "tom-boys" after all.

And we can if we wish, take up outdoors where most of us left off so many years ago.

In Woodswoman, Anne LaBastille shares a part of her life with the reader in an intimate and poetic style. With vivid descriptions of life alone in the wilderness of the Adirondack mountains she tells how she built her own log cabin home and of her life among the trees.

"During those first weeks and months at the cabin my close and constant companions were trees. I became intimately acquainted with every tree inside a 400 foot radius. What at first seemed like a dense stand of random temperate-zone vegetation-- maples, spruces, hemlocks, beeches, birches, and pines--gradually introduced itself as an orderly congregation of unique individuals. ...I came to touch them all through trimming, pruning, clearing, cutting, admiring and listening."

"I developed an amazing awareness of these trees. First, I noticed their noises. In wind, the spruces gave off a somber deep, sad whoosh, while the pines made a higher, happier, softer sough. After my initial surprise at the differences in sound between these two species, I began listening to other kinds of trees. Balsam firs made a short, precise, polite swishing; red and sugar maples gave an impatient rustling; yellow birches, a gentle, restful sighing."

Next I discovered a whole assortment of tree scents. On hot, dry summer days, the balsams, spruces, and pines acted like giant sticks of incense, giving off a redolence which filled the air inside and outside the cabin. The carpet of dead needles, the dry duff, the trickles of pitch, the sun-warmed bark itself, all gave off subtle odors."

\* \* \* \* \*

Accompanying Ms. LaBastille's marvelous narrative are beautifully detailed photographs which significantly enrich her story-telling.

The chapter of Woodswoman that remains most vivid for me is the description of the first winter and the process of freeze-up.

The cabin was on the shore of Black Bear Lake surrounded by thick woods and with no roads leading to the cabin. Travel out for supplies and trips was done by boat in summer, snowshoes or snowmobiles in winter--except during freeze-up when the lake was too icy for a boat but not yet solid enough to walk on.

"As soon as a test hole chopped in the ice showed a 3-inch thickness, I felt it safe to start walking down the lake...As I walked, I kept tapping the pole ahead of my feet on the ice. Good ice makes a solid resonant thwang; rotten ice a dull thud; thin ice, a high short tap."

"The first week or two I was extremely cautious and leery about walking on ice. Some of my loneliest experiences on Black Bear Lake took place on those blue-gray, chill December evenings when daylight failed at 4:30 P.M. and snow showers sifted down from lowering clouds. I would walk home over gray glare ice with a heavy pack and my pole, wondering if I'd even have a chance for a second breath if I fell through now-or now-or now."

Through reading Woodswoman I learned many new things such as how a log cabin is actually constructed and what skills are necessary for wilderness survival. I got to know a remarkable woman, Anne LaBastille, whose strength of character as well as of body became clearly evident. I rediscovered some of my own connection to the wilderness. My own love of trees, my deep appreciation of the changing seasons, my as yet unconquered fear of solitude. And perhaps, most importantly, I felt challenged, pushed to stretch

myself in new ways, to discover new strengths in myself and to know that I too can be strong, alone and survive in harmony with nature.

\* \* \* \* \*

Woodswoman also led me to two other wonderful books. Another by LaBastille, Women and Wilderness and one of a similar title, Women in the Wilderness by China Galland.

These books cover similar ground. Both point out the ways in which society has historically alienated or excluded women from the outdoors. The authors maintain that, unlike men, women do not want to conquer nature, but to interact with it. To test themselves and to experience the thrill of successfully running a dangerous rapid, reaching a towering peak or exploring where no one has gone before.

These books are a celebration of some of the special women of the past who were explorers and adventurers in the outdoors.

Both books present a thoughtful examination of the concurrent flowering of the new feminist and environmental movements and the deep connection felt to exist between women and nature. As women we are connected to nature, to seasons, to new life, to death--there is logic in the idea that we belong outdoors.

And finally, both authors show us the paths of contemporary women who are pursuing careers and growth experiences out of doors in the mountains, caves, rivers, forests and oceans of our world. And in so doing offer role models and possible new directions for those women who have not yet entered the wilderness.

Solitude is a reappearing theme. As women we are taught to fulfill social obligations. Aloneness is to be feared and avoided, not sought and enjoyed. Yet there is clearly much to learn about oneself through the experience of solitude. To be truly

independent one must find strength in solitude. Many courses of study, in religion, scouting, peace corps training, the human potential movement, etc. require time spent alone.

From the strength grown from solitude and the sureness found in leadership roles women can experience a sense of well-being, of renewal. As China Galland says in her introduction; "The journey we make, the route we seek, is toward wholeness, toward our humanity. . ."

"Going into the wilderness invokes the wildness within us all. This may be the deepest value of such an experience, the recognition of our kinship with the natural world."

\* \* \* \* \*

Galland's book diverges from LaBastille's in several ways. It is written in a form suggestive of a journal called a "rutter", a book kept by a ship's pilot for navigation in the days before there were reliable maps. Rutters were comprehensive logs of the experience of the journey. They contained charts, distances, directions, and a narrative account of the route to be followed. They might contain numerous notes, speculations, and descriptions in the margins. They were intensely personal and idiosyncratic.

So Galland's book is a rutter, a guide developed from her personal experience. It is also a loose history of the organization, "Women in the Wilderness." As such, it offers descriptive examples and quotes from participants on the significance of women being together and leading one another into and through the wilderness.

The adventure I was most tempted by was the all-women's ocean kayaking expedition in Baja, Mexico.

"We waken in the dark at four-thirty in the morning and begin to load the boats. Our vessels are, folboats, two-person oceangoing kayaks. Our

expedition is self-contained; we carry all our supplies for the nineteen days. Our dive bags contain wet suits, masks, fins, and thirty pounds of lead weight. In addition we have bags of dry food, forty-pound water jugs, and personal gear, all of which must be completely loaded and unloaded from our boats each day. Each night we will carry the eighty-pound boats up onto the beach."

"I sleep on the beach and waken with the commotion of pelicans, diving and feeding in the night...I can hear a whale breathe nearby; there she blows again...the moon comes out from behind clouds. The sea, the birds are flashing in the night."

\* \* \* \* \*

The most fascinating aspect of LaBastille's Women and Wilderness is the biographical sketches of women pursuing careers outdoors. A new world of job possibilities and lifestyle options was opened up for me and for my daughters by hearing about the lives and work of real women of all ages and life circumstances. Some of the careers described were log cabin architect, environmental education teacher, marine biologist, environmental impact engineer, island naturalist, rafting instructor and river guide, outdoor journalist, and zoologist.

Both of these books leave the reader with a sense of our own potential to experience adventure, to tap our own wildness and yet offer the reassurance that these women are like us, and like us began from a traditional framework. Galland and LaBastille offer rich bibliographies and appendices listing organizations, outfitters, programs, and other resources in the existing network of women helping one another to begin their personal journey into the wilderness.

WORDS SPILL ACROSS MY DESERT  
for Risa

My history  
loses its shyness  
in the immense  
gesture of your voice.  
You listen  
like rough silk  
indigo and pale gold.  
When we sit down together  
and you notice  
pools of darkness  
shining in the sleeping woman  
sheaves of rain come  
enfolded in your power.

by Judy Katz-Levine

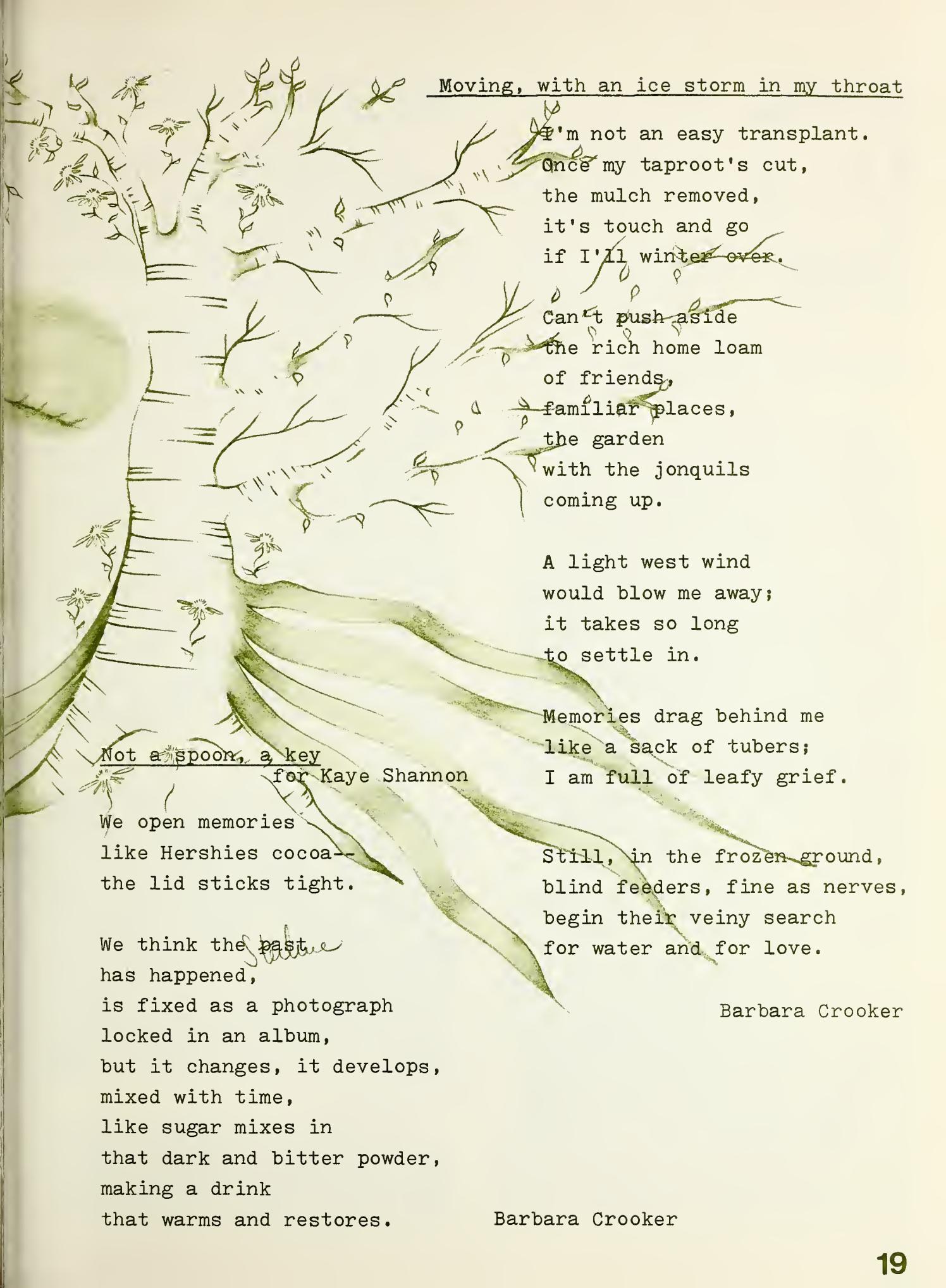
THE LESSON

she leans into me with her question.  
i want to be a lake  
but small wounds  
bits of blue sky  
that have been gnawed away  
reveal my true flesh (the flesh of my life)  
make my voice raw, uncontrolled  
on this cool day  
sitting under a fruit tree  
i reach into the substance  
which creates uncaptured sight  
lean into her with gentleness  
that feels the pain  
of all my friends  
as they keep on.

now she goes  
across the field.  
i'll never know for sure  
if i have quenched her appetite.  
exhausted i  
pretend i'm still inside myself,  
let go with some laughter.

by Judy Katz-Levine

Drawing By  
STERLINE LACY



### Moving, with an ice storm in my throat

I'm not an easy transplant.  
Once my taproot's cut,  
the mulch removed,  
it's touch and go  
if I'll winter over.

Can't push aside  
the rich home loam  
of friends,  
familiar places,  
the garden  
with the jonquils  
coming up.

A light west wind  
would blow me away;  
it takes so long  
to settle in.

Memories drag behind me  
like a sack of tubers;  
I am full of leafy grief.

Still, in the frozen ground,  
blind feeders, fine as nerves,  
begin their veiny search  
for water and for love.

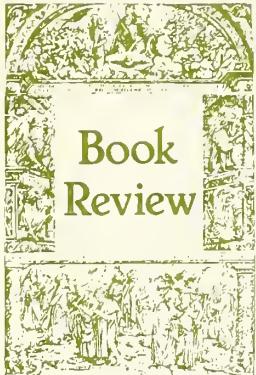
Not a spoon, a key  
for Kaye Shannon

We open memories  
like Hershies cocoa—  
the lid sticks tight.

We think the past  
~~stallion~~  
has happened,  
is fixed as a photograph  
locked in an album,  
but it changes, it develops,  
mixed with time,  
like sugar mixes in  
that dark and bitter powder,  
making a drink  
that warms and restores.

Barbara Crooker

Barbara Crooker



## Book Review

### BOOK REVIEW

by Joan Lewis

Woman and Nature: The Roaring Inside Her, Harper & Row, 1978.

by Susan Griffin

These are hard times, I guess. The planetary prognosis is grim. Taxes and unemployment on the rise--morale and morals down. My parents, survivors of the Great Depression, might offer a smug smile at the current handwringing of writers discussing the economic/moral/international malaise. They know what hard times are all about. Yet this is a changed people confronting predictable, cyclical woes--no longer armed with the simple societal values and institutions of fifty years ago. Technology is encroaching on the humanity of our mores--or more accurately, our inability to handle technology threatens our grasp of what defines humanity--and thus our value system experiences profound and at times flippant change. Surviving with our humanity intact--the integrity of the human condition preserved--is perhaps the greatest challenge of the '80's, most uniquely addressed to the female who is most emotionally and biologically attuned to our origins, our planet.

Susan Griffin has written a history of sorts about this struggle to preserve our humanity--a conflict as old as the dichotomies of the sexes. The historical male impulse has been to conquer, to bend nature to his ends, asserting his own superiority, while woman adapts, using her natural surroundings. It has been her role to conserve rather than destroy. Identified as she is with nature, woman has shared in nature's subjugation by man, who through religion, philosophy, government, science strove to rationalize his

war upon his own sources. Griffin uses voices out of history to illuminate this subjugation:

"And it is written that "not the woman but the man is the image of God."

And that "the image of God is in man and it is one." That "Women were drawn from man, who has God's jurisdiction as if he were God's vicar, because he has the image of the one God."

That as God is the principle of the universe so is man, in likeness to God, the principle of the human race.

It is decided that the minds of women are defective. That the fibers of the brain are weak. That because women menstruate regularly the supply of blood to the brain is weakened.

All abstract knowledge, all knowledge which is dry, it is cautioned, must be abandoned to the laborious and solid mind of man. "For this reason," it is further reasoned, "women will never learn geometry."

There is a controversy over whether or not women should be taught arithmetic.

To a woman who owns a telescope it is suggested that she rid herself of it, that she "stop trying to find out what's happening on the moon."

A close friend, upon my excited recommendation that she read Woman and Nature, asked, "Will it make me angry?" I was hard pressed to give a simple answer. The book had evoked so many emotions in me as I read it--including deep anger. That, in itself, earmarks a book for me as special, possessing a depth, a three dimensional quality written out of the unedited human condition. I was tempted to be less than honest out of my need for my friend to share the experience of this book with me--and frustrated with my inadequacy to give a simple straightforward description.

Woman and Nature is divided into four books. In the first, Matter, Griffin describes how the male has made use of women as he has made use of nature,

reducing both to objects to be shaped, harnessed, domesticated and controlled. She compares man's regard for women with his attitude toward Land, Timber, Wind, Cows, Mules, the Show Horse, "Her Body". Book Two is about Separation, and documents the ways in which woman has been separated from her true self by His Power, His Knowledge, His Control, His Certainty, and Terror. Book Three, The Separate Rejoined shows how the divided come together again, how women enter a new space, a new time, and learn to hear their own voices, leading to transformation and clarity. Book Four, Matter Revisited, predicts how this will change us and change the world.

Woman and Nature is difficult to capture in analysis. Something in me rebels at a cold parsing of structure and content. My academic training is overwhelmed by my sexual identity as woman in this society, at this particular historical place, and out of my personal experience and legacy as female. That condition, of itself, suggests anger, pride, hubris. The book is an accurate reflection of that condition--the female condition now claiming its rightful, essential place in our consciousness.

"Her birth. The day she said her first word. The time of her growing awareness. The days of her bleeding. The years when she learned about death. The age she was when she accepted change. The time of her broadening. When she felt her body become strong. That time of her life when she learned reciprocity and the inviolability of the other. The year when her anger gave her clarity and all her weeping was filled with intelligence. The morning of her full powers. The celebration of her first gray hairs. The solemn recognition of her coming of age."

Woman And Nature is an historical description of the female experience, an indictment of the brutality, humiliations, injustices, a celebration of its nobility. It is poetry quite literally written by a poet, and an epistle

to the future of womanhood. I believe this is a very special time for women: we are linked, attuned to a unique and cosmic awareness of ourselves and our emergence--the importance of this phenomenon in this crucial time. Griffin has most eloquently described that awareness that women are experiencing universally today. We have come into our own. This awareness of the needs we can--must--fill if humankind is to survive on this planet, precludes malaise and vindictiveness.

The irony of woman's position has been that her innate awareness of the absolute necessity of her influence for the survival of the species must tolerate the ignorance, derision and fears of established society. She has been forced to plot for our survival as a race in secrecy, lest a male oriented establishment discover its own inadequacies. Given the stakes, anger is folly--mere self-indulgence in the face of survival. This is what the women of 1980 are about:

"We say the ages when she knew her own power. The age when she kept her own name. The age when she revealed the secret of the wheel. The age when she learned to speak with the animals. The age when she discovered the seed. The age during which she wove truth about herself. The age when she joined forces with the earth. When she listened and was heard. The age when she knew she was not alone. The Age of her Resonance."

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"Susan Griffin's powerful, painful, and ecstatic new book reflects the vastness and complexity of her subject. Woman and Nature unites feminism and ecology which have been falsely divided into separate 'causes'...It is a book which I will read and re-read, assign to classes, give to friends. It is a work of great and daring vision".

--Mary Daly, (Chrysalis, No. 7, p. 112-115)

## UPDATE ON THE U.S. AMBASSADOR TO THE NETHERLANDS: MRS. JERI JOSEPH

(The news article that follows was translated from the Dutch by Mijnheer DeVries and forwarded to us by Stu Hodes. It appeared in the New Rotterdam Courant on March 7, 1981. For our interview with the Honorable Jeri Joseph, see our Summer 1979 issue, "Women in Politics", VOL. III, No. 1, p. 33-34.)

Tomorrow the American ambassador, Mrs. J. Joseph, leaves our country to resume, after two and a half years, her work as a journalist in her home town, Minneapolis.

It is usual for a new ambassador to be appointed, following the election to office of a new president. The appointment of Mrs. Joseph was a political one, a token of gratitude for the important part she played for fifteen years in the Democratic Party in the United States.

Her arrival in the Netherlands was not without difficulties. Again, The Hague had been deemed worthy of a political appointment rather than a career diplomat. In addition, the political climate in the Netherlands included regular flare-ups of anti-Americanism. The problem of the installation of modern nuclear weapons led to unexpected political passions. A good background of specialized technical and historical knowledge, as well as tact, were required for discussions of such matters. For a non-professional diplomat such as Mrs. Joseph, the tasks must not have been simple. The way in which she, nevertheless, has represented the American point of view, and the way she has fought these debates competently and indefatigably have won great respect from her supporters as well as from opponents.

Only between allies and friends is a dispute of such sharpness conceivable. That this friendship has not worn away, but has grown substantially, is largely attributed to the personal merits of Mrs. Joseph.





## Letters to the Creative Woman

Tokio

Hallo,

I am a free-lance journalist from Germany travelling through the world and writing a lot about women. Right now I am planning to write a book on Japanese textile art--which is mainly done by women. Do you happen to have some information on this subject? Could you send me some information? Thanks a lot in advance.

Yours Truly,

Adelheid Ohlig  
Paris, France

Your request was referred to our resource librarian, Joseph Meredith, who has compiled a bibliography on the subject of Japanese textiles for you.

Dear Helen,

I just finished reading your "Coming Home" editorial in the beautiful

Snow Flowers number of Creative Woman.

Your idealism and hope have not diminished in their intensity. Would that I could share them! Watergate, the Carter disappointment, and now the barbarians from the Wild West, led by a simple minded actor, destroying the patiently built social welfare programs, at a pace that I would have thought unimaginable. That's our country.

The rest of the world? We now see that capitalism has great capacity to lift a country's standard of living (albeit at fearful costs in human misery), but that once developed, capitalism is an abysmal failure, caught hopelessly between inflation and unemployment.

Communism as an alternative? That dream has proved to be a nightmare! I'm pessimistic, more pessimistic than I've ever been. I see capitalism struggling desperately to survive only through armaments and wars.

There will be new institutions, new accommodations, but long after I'm gone and only after much suffering in the collapse of our societies and the building of a new world.

So...keep up your hopeful spirit. You'll need it to continue the struggle for the brave new world, however and whenever it may come! And, pessimistic though I be, I still hold that there's no worthier way to spend one's life than in trying to bring about that brave new world.

Bienvenida!

Jerry

These words by James Baldwin struck me as relevant to your letter. Baldwin said, "I don't trust any answers. I've seen too many answers that failed. I trust the question." Historian Adade Wheeler speaking on women in Illinois history quotes Agnes Nestor's words, "We shall not travel by the roads we make. We may not; but someone else will, and someone made roads for me." I hope these mellow words will help readers to place in perspective the pessimism many of us feel these days.

# Women's Expedition Directory

From: Galland, China  
Women in The Wilderness  
Harper & Row, NY 1980.

## American Women's Himalayan Expeditions (AWHE)

1013 Paradise Way; Palo Alto, CA 94306

Supports the participation of women in expeditionary mountaineering. Funds left from the 1978 women's Annapurna Expedition will be used as grants or loans to women taking part in climbing expeditions and exchange programs with women climbers from other countries, and for summer meets.

## Artemis

P.O. Box 5749; Austin, TX 78763

Chartered adventures available to most areas of the Southwest. A small company which organizes back-country trips for women in small groups who explore rivers, mountains, and deserts, acquiring basic outdoor skills and experience. In the summer, Artemis goes to the mountains of New Mexico, Colorado, and Wyoming. Winter, they use the rivers and mountains of Big Bend, Texas.

## Blackberry Creek Camp

P.O. Box 28; Pulga, CA 95965  
(916) 334-9720

A residential summer camp for young women nine through fifteen years of age, run by an all-female staff. Situated in a rural community in northern California and surrounded by national forest, Blackberry Creek Camp aims to promote self-confidence, self-reliance, and emotional growth through outdoor group living. Swimming, day and overnight hikes. Campers also learn basic tool use, farm animal care, organic gardening (much of the camp's food comes from its gardens), canning, cheese and yogurt making, and may choose from a variety of activities such as pottery making, dyeing, and weaving. Vegetarian food provided.

## Encounter Four

Kayla Melville  
Butler County Community College; Butler, PA 16001  
(412) 287-8711, ext. 138

Adventure-based outdoor program for a variety of people. Women's courses include cross-country skiing, winter camping, rock climbing, white-water rafting and canoeing, flatwater canoeing, caving, and backpacking. These trips led by women are in groups of eight to twelve participants of varied age and experience.

## Girl Scouts of America

839 Third Avenue; New York, NY 10022  
(212) 940-7500

Founded in 1912 by Juliette Gordon Low, the Girl Scouts is the largest voluntary organization for girls in the world. Open to all girls, ages six to seventeen, Girl Scouts provides outdoor opportunities through camping experiences right from the start. Courses vary from camping, backpacking, mountain climbing, cross-country skiing, rafting, canoeing to survival and desert travel. They operate camps in all the mountain ranges of the United States. An excellent way to start early.

## Healing Ways for Women

P.O. Box 350; Buerneville, CA 95446

Biannual gatherings in the redwoods of Sonoma. For women healers, artists, musicians, and friends, providing an opportunity to express and explore the image of the goddess. The weekend includes workshops, recreation, vegetarian food, indoor lodging, and child care.

## The Infinite Odyssey

25 Huntington Avenue, Suite 324; Boston, MA 02116  
(617) 353-1793

Among their offerings is a women's rafting and mountaineering trip in the Tetons of Wyoming. Designed and led by women, the course offers instruction in rope work, rock climbing, orienteering, and minimum-impact camping.

## Institute for Environmental Awareness

Women's Programs: Bertha Petruski  
P.O. Box W-821; Greenfield, MA 01302

The guiding purpose of the institute is to develop awareness, understanding, and positive action toward both the natural and cultural environments among people of all ages and circumstances. They use the philosophies and skills of conservation, outdoor and environmental education. The Institute has a wide variety of programs especially for women, ranging from climbing and orienteering to "The Night Experience" and "Counseling and Caring Through Outdoor Programs."

## Keep Listening

P.O. Box 446; Sandy, OR 97055  
(503) 622-3895

A year-round program of backpacking, bicycle camping, and cross-country skiing trips for women in the Northwest. Sessions teach outdoor skills, so that the beginner can learn what she needs to plan her own trips.

## Nantahala Outdoor Center, Inc.

Star Route, P.O. Box 68; Bryson City, NC 28713  
(704) 488-2175

The center is open year round, offering a wide range of adventurous outdoor experiences to people with all ranges of experience. They provide equipment and instruction in a variety of areas, with a large white-water program. Women's skills clinics are offered.

### **National Outdoor Leadership School (NOLS)**

P.O. Box AA; Lander, WY 82520

(307) 332-4381

Teaches skills essential for the preservation of the earth's wilderness; minimum-impact camping and leadership are essential. Among their offerings is a month-long women's mountaineering course led by women. Emphasis is placed on technical climbing skills, such as steep snow and rock work, protection placement, snow travel techniques, and peak ascents.

### **Nature Explorations — Tuleyome Peninsula Conservation Center**

1176 Emerson Street; Palo Alto, CA 94301

(415) 324-8737

Nonprofit, tax-exempt organization of teachers, artists, and parents providing active environmental education for people of all ages. Special offerings include women's backpacking trips, a single-parent-family program, and other workshops organized and led by women.

### **Nordic Ski Ventures**

P.O. Box 1576, Tahoe City, CA 95730

(916) 583-2875

The creation of two women, both Tahoe ski guides, this small organization offers an in-depth approach to cross-country skiing. Teaches basic cross-country techniques and winter safety skills. One to five day programs.

### **Outback Adventures**

Valerie Berg

505 Fruit, N.W.; Albuquerque, NM 87102

(505) 842-6226

This New Mexico-based company provides backpacking-snorkeling adventures to Baja, cross-country skiing in New Mexico, backpacking and rock climbing in New Mexico and Texas, and spring white-water rafting in New Mexico and Colorado. They do contract courses for stress-management and organizational retreats. All trips also offered at various times for women as professional retreats, skills training, or adventure trips. Staffed by skilled wilderness people and psychologists.

### **Outdoor Education Association**

11468 Redwood Highway; Wilderville, OR 97543  
(503) 479-4215

In cooperation with Osprey River Trips, Inc., offers some women-only wilderness trips as well as trips for women and men. Experiential white-water training in oar-and paddle-powered inflatable rafts.

### **The Outdoor Woman's School**

Carole Latimer

2519 Cedar Street; Berkeley, CA 94708

(415) 848-5189

For women with all degrees of experience. Offers backpacking classes and wilderness trips throughout the year, cross-country skiing and snow camping in winter. The aim is to teach women wilderness skills and make them aware of themselves as physically strong people.

### **Outward Bound, Inc.**

384 Field Point Road; Greenwich, CT 06830

(203) 661-0797 (800) 243-8520 (toll free)

An action-oriented program for personal growth, service to others, and adventure education. It is designed so that students will meet challenging experiences in wilderness settings. Outward Bound operates through seven different schools around the country, all of which have courses for both women and men, including women-only courses and a program for the handicapped.

### **Palisade School of Mountaineering**

P.O. Box 694, Bishop, CA 93514

(714) 935-4330

Offers a broad spectrum of mountaineering courses and guided climbs throughout the year, primarily in the Sierra Nevada. A basic mountaineering course for women taught by women, teaching the basic skills needed to climb safely on rock, snow, and glaciers, is offered.

### **Seaworthy Women**

2210 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 254,

Santa Monica, CA 90403

(213) 397-7728

Instruction for women from beginning through advanced sailing. Offers cruises, from one day to one month, to the offshore islands of California as well as in the Caribbean; combines sea and land explorations.

### **Sobek Expeditions, Inc.**

P.O. Box 761; Angels Camp, CA 95222

(209) 736-2661

Specializes in wilderness explorations around the world, pioneering some rather exotic river runs and expeditions, for men and women. They are promoting all-women expeditions and hope to sponsor a major first women's descent of a wild river overseas.

### **Trailhead Ventures**

P.O. Box CC; Buena Vista, CO 81211

(303) 395-8001

Prime hiking in the Rocky Mountains and the Southwest. Committed to wilderness preservation, with an emphasis on responsible hiking and camping techniques, by which humans leave the smallest traces of their visits. Offers a basic backpacking course for women only.

### **Underway**

Gail Stepina, Touch of Nature Environmental Center  
Southern Illinois University, Carbondale, IL 62901

(618) 457-0348

Courses offered for women only, men only, and women and men. Backpacking, canoeing, caving, rock climbing, land navigation, and cross-country skiing in the Ozark Mountains of Illinois, Missouri, and Arkansas, with special trips to Canada, North Carolina, Texas, Georgia, Florida, and Wyoming.

### **University of the Wilderness**

P.O. Box 1687; Evergreen, CO 80439

(303) 674-9724

Offers women's backpacking and runs canoe, ski touring, and snowshoe trips in various wilderness environments. Also offers Wilderness Photography workshops.

### **Washington Women Outdoors, Inc.**

P.O. Box 301; Garrett Park, MD 20766

(301) 942-8677

Trains metropolitan Washington, D.C., women in a variety of outdoor activities from September to June. Fall and spring activities include hiking and bicycling weekends. Winter hosts their most popular program, cross-country skiing; women can learn how to prepare themselves and their skis, as well as learn actual skiing techniques. WWO's most important function is education through identification with skilled women instructors and with skill manuals using women as models and written in nontechnical terms.

### **White Pine Ski Touring Center**

P.O. Box 417; Park City, UT 84060

(801) 336-2055

Concerned with educating the cross-country skier. Offers wide range of instruction, from day lessons and mini tours on the Park City golf course to several days of touring in the High Uintas. Offers trips for women only as well as for mixed groups.

### **Wilderness Learning Institute**

Marilyn Mason

2445 Park Avenue South; Minneapolis, MN 55404

(612) 870-1085

The Wilderness Learning Institute is an educational organization blending the challenge of outdoor experiences with other educational styles. Nature and rock climbing can be great teachers of the human experience. In group rock-climbing experiences for novices, professional mountaineers and psychotherapists weave together situations for facing powerlessness and strengths in a safe environment. Days are filled with climbing; the metaphor of the rock climbing is used in fireside discussions at night. Most programs are four days long. There will also be combination climbing and square-rig sailing on Lake Superior. For mixed groups and professionals, this year's format includes a rock-climbing course for women that focuses on competitiveness, the aspect of themselves that we so often deny.

### **Women in the Wilderness, Inc.**

Bldg. 201

Fort Mason; San Francisco, CA 94123

(415) 556-0560

Women in the Wilderness is a lot more than just the organization we've created over the last few years. Like a live current, the name itself energizes something in many women; it speaks to the explorer in us all.

Women in the Wilderness is a process, a vehicle through which women who share an interest in the outdoors and our environment can come to know one another. Like an ecosystem, the network is a community of diverse groups with a variety of needs and interrelationships. The ecosystem, achieving its stability through and because of its diversity, is the natural model to foster. Though science still debates the theory, it makes for a broad kind of common sense. The wilderness itself is the most elaborate example of an ecosystem, able to balance and sustain a welter of complexity and life within itself indefinitely. The wilderness is in fact such an exquisite order that any area left "unmanaged," to its own devices, will return to wilderness.

We envision the growth of autonomous regional groups that will be tied together primarily by our publication. We seek to coordinate efforts nationally and lend mutual support while remaining a regionally based group ourselves: Our network is an attempt to alleviate the problems of top-heavy traditional organizational structures. And, like people, no organization is perfect; we're still in the process of growing, but the network of regional groups fits our belief in the values of self-sufficiency and self-definition, with each group inventing its own size, shape, and focus, based on its own regional mix of women and environment. There is no set way to come together. Through sharing in the network via the publication **Women in the Wilderness** and finding out what works for others, people can get their own ideas about what might fit for them.

In the Bay Area, our program ranges from environmental forums, skills workshops, earthday celebrations such as a summer solstice festival, leadership training workshops, films and slide shows, panel discussion, climbing, running trails, women's drumming workshops, and river trips to painting and photography in the wilderness. It is a wide mix of activities, limited only by the interest of members and the stipulation that all programming must be led by women, though some events are also open to men.

Women in the Wilderness, Outings, Expeditions and Adventures, focuses on special courses from trips for teenagers and school-age children to management executives. We've put on river trips for mothers and daughters, day-long walks in the woods, weekend backpacking, rafting the Grand Canyon, kayaking Baja, and trekking Nepal. Membership is \$10 per year and includes a subscription to the quarterly publication. The publication features a directory of outfitters and organizations; a calendar of activities (both our own and others) from around the country; and articles, photographs, and art work on the theme of women and wilderness. The quarterly also carries information about job opportunities in the out-of-doors.



### **Women Outdoors**

474 Boston Avenue; Medford, MA 02155

(617) 628-2525

A regional network of women who want to develop an integrated, environmentally conscious lifestyle; feel the need to work with nature rather than against it; view wilderness activities as a way in which women can develop power in their own lives; come from all walks of life and touch nature in many different ways. New members and inquiries are welcome.

### **Women's Sports Foundation**

195 Moulton Street; San Francisco, CA 94123

(415) 563-6266

Encourages and supports the participation of women in sports activities. Runs clinics and workshops to improve sports skills, techniques, and knowledge for girls and women. Develops local women's sports associations. Maintains an information and resource center on women's sports.

### **Women's Way Ski Seminars**

Elissa Sanger

P.O. Box 1182, Tahoe City, CA 95730

(916) 583-2904

Held throughout the winter in various ski areas in California, Colorado, and the East. Five days of instruction in small classes. Before and after skiing, sessions in relaxation, massage, visualization, and body-awareness techniques. Cross-country and downhill. Women only.

### **Woodswomen**

3716 Fourth Avenue South; Minneapolis, MN 55409

(612) 823-1900

Operates primarily in Minnesota, Wisconsin, and Ontario, offering guided canoe trips and bike trips for women of all ages and degrees of experience. Vegetarian gourmet camp cooking. Winter camping, skills workshops, and courses on women in the wilderness.



Photo by Susan Eckert

**INWARD BOUND OFFERS:  
SUMMER 1981 ADVENTURES**

INWARD BOUND, owned and operated by two women health professionals, is an organization which runs wilderness adventures especially designed for women over 30 who are novices in camping, canoeing, hiking, and cross-country skiing, and who wish either to learn or brush up on these outdoor skills in a supportive environment.

Besides learning new outdoor skills, our emphasis is on maintaining and promoting our "wellness". We believe women can be the real force in going back into the home and sharing with families and friends, knowledge of better eating habits, exercise programs, and health awareness. We also feel that being in the outdoors is an opportunity to discover and develop new abilities, skills, and confidences, which can then be taken back and incorporated into our daily living and working environments.

During Summer '81, INWARD BOUND offers the following adventures:

**"LIVE FOODS FOR LIVE BODIES" and  
"DRY IT, YOU'LL LIKE IT!"**

- \* practical and economical methods of sprouting and indoor planting
- \* what is needed for setting up a system
- \* active participation in planting a tray of seeds to take home
- \* how to economize by home food dehydration
- \* menu planning to save you money and keep you healthy
- \* time to explore the inside and outside beauty of the Botanic Gardens

DATE: June 6, 1981

TIME: 9:30-3:30 PM. Lunch not included

LOCATION: The Chicago Botanic Gardens.  
Lake Cook Road, Glencoe, IL.  
(just east off route 41 on Lake  
Cook Road)

FEE: \$25.00(trays, dirt & seeds included)

**WEEKEND CAMPING AND CANOEING  
ADVENTURES IN WISCONSIN**

These "Healthing Weekends" to beautiful Blackhawk Ridge, Wisconsin, are great get-aways. We go canoeing on the Wisconsin River, hiking, swimming, hayriding, and even taking a sauna and whirlpool if you'd like.

DATES: June 26-28, 1981  
July 10-12, 1981  
July 24-26, 1981

TIME: 6:30 PM Friday evening to  
2:00 PM Sunday

LOCATION: Blackhawk Ridge, Sauk City, Wisconsin. One hour north of Madison.

FEE: \$139.00 includes: all camping fees in special large tents, canoe rental, put-in and pick-up at river, fantastic food, swimming pool, sauna, (travel to and from Blackhawk Ridge is NOT included)

**MINNESOTA BOUNDARY WATERS CANOE TRIP**

Portaging and paddling through quiet lakes in the boundary waters. Get in touch with the silence, the beauty, the sounds of the world around you.

7 days-8 nights  
(trip is limited to 10 persons)

DATES August 1-9, 1981. Depart noon  
August 1st. Return afternoon of  
August 8th.

DEPARTURE: Bearskin Outfitters, 35 miles up the Gunflint Trail, Grand Marais.

FEE: \$379.00 includes total outfitting, food for 7 days, one overnight at outfitters, and one over night at quaint hotel on shores of Lake Superior in Grand Marais.

## UTAH GREEN RIVER CANOE TRIP

Paddling and floating down the calm waters of the Green River. The river twists its way for endless miles through vast canyons that radiate colors or reds, oranges, yellows and lavenders.

7 days-8 nights  
(Limited to 14 people)

DATES: August 15-23, 1981. Arrive 8:00 August 15th.

DEPARTURE: Sunset Motel, Moab, Utah and Tex's River Expeditions, Moab.

FEE: \$379.00 includes guides, all equipment, food for 7 days, two nights lodging at the Sunset Motel.

## WYOMING GRAND TETONS BACKPACKING TRIP

Hiking the magnificent skyline trail in Grand Tetons National Park. We will be hiking at altitudes above 6800 feet, so you will need to be in good physical condition.

7 days-8 nights  
(limited to 12 persons)

DATES: August 29-September 6, 1981. Arrive at hostel August 29th.

DEPARTURE: Teton Village Hostel, at foot of Rendevous Mountain--between Jackson Hole and south entrance of park.

FEE: \$319.00 includes guides, two nights lodging, tram tickets, food for 7 days, cooking stoves & fuel.

for further information:  
INWARD BOUND ADVENTURES, INC.  
1613 W. Greenleaf, Chicago, IL 60626  
(312) 274-4964

## THE DINNER PARTY IN THE MIDWEST

Midwesterners will be able to experience Judy Chicago's The Dinner Party close to home, in May, June and July, at our exhibit site, 3130 Mayfield Road in Cleveland Heights, Ohio.

All over the Midwest, people are helping to raise money by becoming sponsors of The Dinner Party exhibition. Sponsors help by supporting a particular part of the exhibit, thereby contributing the necessary funds to bring The Dinner Party to Cleveland.

- \*A gift of \$1000.00 will exclusively sponsor one of the 39 place settings.
- \* A gift of \$300.00 will sponsor a plate.
- \* A gift of \$150.00 will sponsor a runner.
- \* A gift of \$25.00 will support a name from the Heritage Floor.

If you feel The Dinner Party deserves to be seen and not stored away, sponsor a part of it and encourage others to do the same.



OUR  
HERITAGE  
IS OUR POWER

For more information:  
The Ohio-Chicago Art Project  
3130 Mayfield Road  
Cleveland Hts., OH 44118  
(216) 371-2222

# *the Gathering*

August 1981

ANNOUNCEMENTS



**Do you support the universal  
human right to a name, a  
place, a story, a song?**

**406 South Third Street  
Saint Peter, Minnesota  
56082**

**507-931-1690**

## THE GATHERING

In the small town of Saint Peter, resting in the valley of the Minnesota River, Alixa Schultz and her colleagues of the Cherry Creek Theatre are expecting a cloudburst of people to arrive on August 9th for THE GATHERING--an assemblage of theatre groups, scholars, writers and artists from across the nation.

What is the place of performance and celebration in the building of culture? These are the questions to be addressed in the six days of this event. They will be answered by discussion, lecture, performance, workshops, concerts, an Arts Fair, Dawn River Tour, puppets, masks, kites, banners, dance, poetry, song.

On the evening of August 9, a pageant-parade will begin THE GATHERING. The theme is LET THE BIRD OF EARTH FLY, after the poem by Meridel LeSueur. The pageant will start on the river with handmade rafts and a flotilla of canoes and culminate in a choral and orchestral concert and the performance by a dance company.

We have been asked to participate and we intend to be there!

To join a car pool, pack up your tent and come along, call the Editor. Housing arrangements include camping sites, dormitories or motels. Shall we arrive by river in the flotilla of canoes? or by bicycle?

For a detailed program write to Alixa Schultz at the address shown, left.

Readers will find a report in the Summer issue of The Creative Woman.

HEH

FROM THE EDITOR'S LOOK-OUT POINT



Putting this issue together has been almost as much fun as actually going out there and hiking, climbing, canoeing and rafting. The wealth of inviting materials available has provided us with a real turn-on, which we hope our readers will share. As I have been thinking over the experiences of my life in remote and untrammeled places, the ones that stand out or shine with a special light are the times and places of perfect solitude: walks into the forbidden Massachusetts woods in spring when I was a school girl, a night spent alone on an island in Long Island Sound, private retreats into the mountains of California, Colorado, New Mexico, with my tent, sleeping bag, mess gear, a volume of Thoreau, a notebook. Absolute silence, except for wind in the trees or birdsong. Perfect freedom to do exactly as I wished. A night under the stars watching the majestic procession of heavenly bodies across my sky. When I took off for a few days of glorious solitude, I was never hungry, thirsty, tired, or angry; because I ate when I got hungry, slept when I tired, and there was no one to have conflicts with. I returned refreshed and feeling loving toward my family and friends.

In recent years, these outings have changed dramatically: I have gone to far more distant and memorable places (Greek islands) and into even more wild and unspoiled mountains (the Adirondacks). Too often, I have not been able to have

the kind of experience I wanted and longed for--the deep, silent communication with a place--because such things simply do not happen in a group. There seem to be some people for whom the wilderness experience is a contest of will, strength, and endurance--to conquer the mountain, to make the hundred-mile route, to reach one's physical limits and then to exceed them, coming back exhausted to the bone. For some people, physical exercise is like money or sex: "only too much is ever enough". For me, this is a perversion of the wilderness experience. For me, the ease and rest of nature are mocked by the macho spirit.

Clearly, there are many uses of the wild and many different responses to it, meeting the needs of different people. As it takes all kinds to make a world, we each confront the wild in our own way. Sharing the perspectives of the writers of this issue, I conclude that women (and some men) may relate in a different way to the wilderness. At the deepest level it is for us--for some of us--a spiritual journey because we touch the wisdom of nature in the same way that we meet the unconscious. We are not adversaries. We are one.

I'm grateful and glad that I walked the Samaria Gorge in Crete, with my partner and best friend, and a little proud that I could do it. The pace of that 18 kilometer forced downhill trek so strained muscle, heart and bone that it was a full week before either of us could move without pain. I'm angry and ashamed that I did not have the moral strength to fight to do it more in my own way--to stop and play in the rapids--in what must be the freshest and best water in the world. Looking forward to my next outdoor adventures, I find that my challenge is to find out how to have both: how to combine the delights of a shared experience of vigorous endeavor and the intensity of communion with those voices of nature that are both without and within.

Helen E. Hughes, Editor

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## WHAT'S HAPPENING

The First International Interdisciplinary Congress on Women (theme Women's Worlds) will be held at the University of Haifa in Israel from 12/28/81 to 1/1/82. The sponsors include: Association for Women in Science; Center for the Study of Sex Roles, CUNY; Division of the Psychology of Women, APA; Federation of Organizations for Professional Women; Sociologists for Women in Society; The University of Haifa; and Women's Caucus of the Population Association of America. Information about the submission of programs and arrangements may be obtained from The Secretariat, P.O. Box 3054, Tel-Aviv, Israel (telex 341132, telephone 03-222217). Deadline for submissions is 4/1/81.



### **Shcharansky's Wife Expresses Concern**

*The Associated Press*

TEL AVIV — The wife of Russian Jewish dissident Anatoly Shcharansky said Sunday that he has not been heard from since early December, when he spent two weeks in solitary confinement in a Soviet prison camp.

Mr. Shcharansky, 33, was sentenced to 13 years in prison in 1978 after he was convicted of espionage in a trial that was condemned by the West. Avital Shcharansky said her mother-in-law told her in a telephone call from Moscow that Soviet authorities evaded inquiries regarding Mr. Shcharansky's condition.

## FUTURE ISSUES

### Women in the Third World

#### **Future issues:**

SUMMER 1981, Women in the Third World will include articles by and about women in the non-aligned nations of Africa, South America, India and Asia. Deadline for submission of copy, photographs, artwork: June 21, 1981.

FALL 1981, Women on the American Frontier, guest editor Dr. Beverly Beeton, Deadline for submission of articles of historical substance: August 21, 1981.

WINTER 1982, The Body: The Care, Feeding, Use and Expression of Women's Bodies From the perspective of the women's holistic health movement, this issue will be co-edited by Donna Bandstra (who, as Donna Piontek, worked on Volume I, No. 1 of this magazine). We also hope to include articles on dance, sport, nutrition, massage, and the healing arts as women have made their special contributions to these fields. Deadline: November 21, 1981.

We invite suggestions from readers on topics for future issues.

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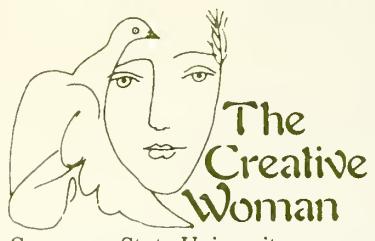
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